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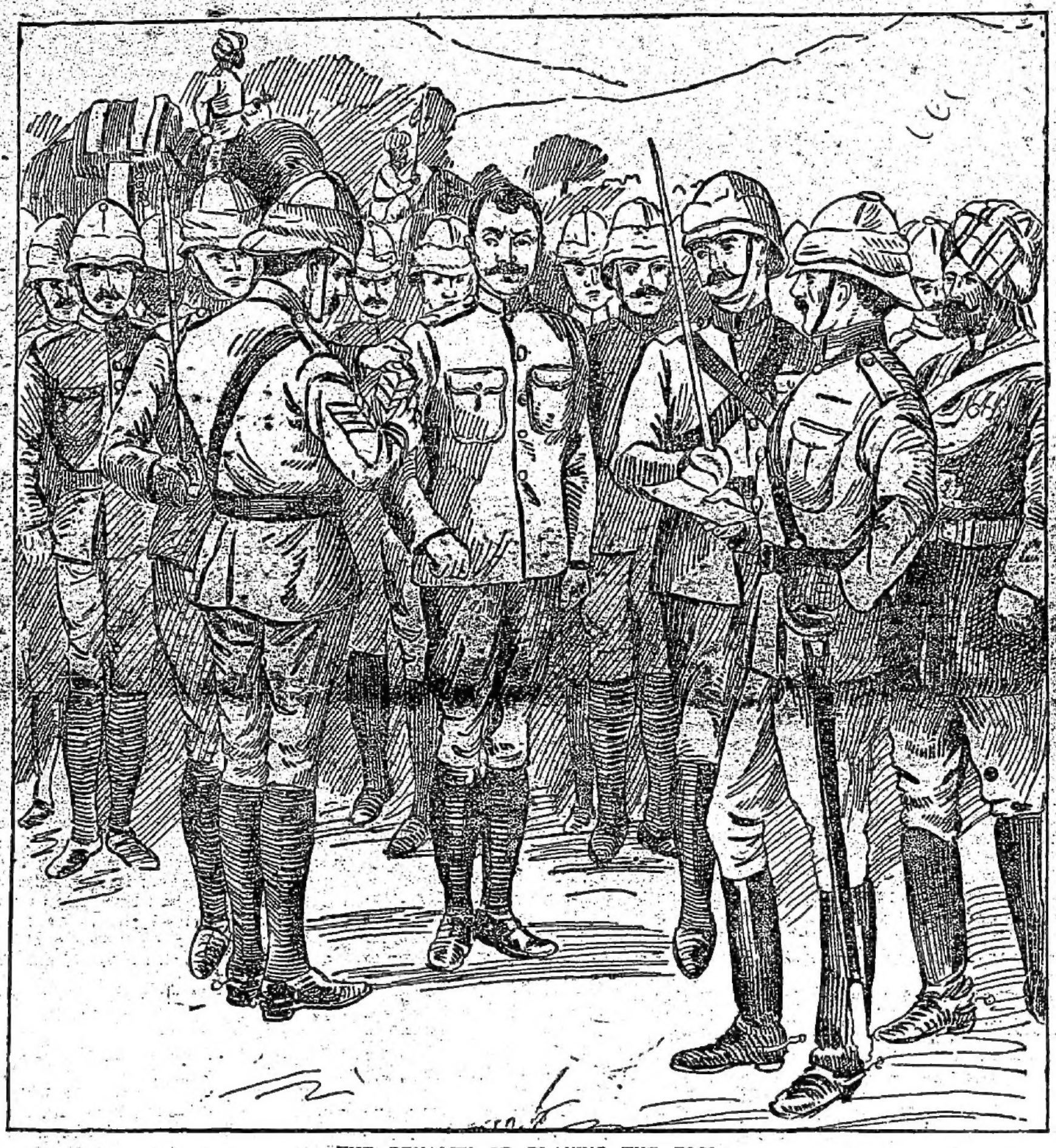
Lillie Pozer



THE PENALTY OF PLAYING THE FOOL.

Don't be a Fool Man.

('British Workman.')

I. M——was a smart young sergeant in my corps. We were camped in a lovely spot in India: A cricket match was to be played, and friends from the station were to witness the game; among these were certain of I. M——'s friends. Before play they and he imbibed rather freely. I. M——was a good cricketer, and much depended upon his play, as he was one of the bowlers for his side. He came off very well in the first innings, and when it was over he and his friends repaired to the mess tent, where the conviviality of the morning was continued. At length I. M—— was called to the wicket. With pads buckled and gloves buttoned, off he went across the field. But those who awaited him fancied that he was somewhat unsteady on his legs, and an officer of the other eleven, rather partial to I. M——, on account of his play, met him, and said he had better come in later on. Like a wise man, I. M—— returned to the tent. 'Hallo!' said one of his friends, 'are you to be sent back like that?'

'Yes,' said he, 'Lieutenant sees that I have had a little too much "Bass"; I shall be all right soon.'

And he would have been quite content to lie down and try to get ready to go in later. His would-be friend, however, was of another mind, and said, 'Well, you are a duffer if you submit to such treatment as that. Don't be a fool, man—go in and show them how to make a score.' Others agreed that he had better wait, but his friend again called out, 'Don't be a fool, man, take your turn.' I. M——'s blood being up, he again started across the field. By this time there was a little commotion; some shouting, 'Send your man in,' others whispering of what had happened, and others wondering what would happen. Of course, this did not allay his excitement nor increase the steadiness of his walk. Then the officer came towards him and insisted upon his retiring from the field, but he insisted on going forward. An officer could not suffer his authority to be defied, even on the cricket field, and therefore he ordered I. M—— to his tent under arrest. Had he not been befooled he might have saved himself even now, but no; flinging his bat, gloves and pads on the ground, he bolted across the field in another direction.

An escort was sent in pursuit, and having captured their prisoner, were bringing him back, when he made an attempt to escape. The sergeant in charge then ordered the

'frog's march.' He soon got tired of this and begged to be allowed to walk. After a few paces, he suddenly stopped, looked at the escort, and then struck one of them in the face. That was the finishing touch—he was 'frog marched' to his tent, and in due time tried by court-martial. It was a sad sight at the time of the reading of the proceedings of the court-martial. We were formed up on parade, and I. M——, looking as white as a ghost, was marched in front between two men with drawn swords. Amid the general silence of the company, the officer read the proceedings, and then came the sentence:—'To be reduced to the ranks, and twelve months' imprisonment.' Thereupon the sergeant stepped forward and cut from off the prisoner's arm the stripes which had taken him years to gain, and then gave the command, 'Prisoner and escort, right about wheel, quick march.' So he was taken back to the guard room, thence to the military prison, and I saw him no more.

It was a sad day with us. I. M—— was a general favorite, but even his best friends could hardly help saying what a fool he had been. Perhaps the saddest part of the story was that our comrade had a poor old widowed mother in England, to whom he regularly sent a pound a month. Now, perhaps she must end her days in the workhouse, 'her gray hairs brought down with sorrow to the grave' by her son's disgrace.

'Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging, and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise.' 'Don't be a fool!'

Counting One.

(By Eva Kinney Griffith.)

The W. C. T. U. at Marston decided to serve coffee and sandwiches at the polls on election day. This particular union consisted of just five women. Mrs. Utley, the wife of the man who had started the manufactory which was the 'raison d'etre' of the little new town; Mrs. Wheelock, the bookkeeper's wife, Mrs. Johnson, the new minister's wife, Miss Taylor, her sister, and Maud Utley, a girl of fifteen.

It was the first election the town had ever held, and the women felt that it was important that the new city should start out with a no-license policy. So far, a few temperance meetings had been held, at which nobody had said anything except the minister and Mr. Utley; a no-license ticket had been put in the field, and the women were hopeful.

Soon after nine o'clock, on election day, the women were at their post, and long before noon a neat little table was arranged with a pile of no-license tickets, and some blue ribbons on one end of it, in the new board shanty next to the little pine building where the ballot-box stood.

Now and then, a solitary man or two in company, passed the door on their way to the polls and looked curiously in, but no one entered. At noon the husbands of the married women came and took their lunch, and carried off, each, a no-license ticket and a blue ribbon, but no one else came near.

All the long afternoon the women watched and waited. Occasionally one of the more timorous ventured out upon the street and invited a man to come in and partake of their lunch, and to vote the no-license ticket for the sake of the children. But the most of the men thus addressed could not speak English, and the rest politely declined.

At last, when it was almost time for closing the polls and the women were about to withdraw from the scene in a state of utter vanquishment, a man entered of his own accord, looked around a moment as if embarrassed, then sat down to the table and solemnly ate a sandwich and drank a cup of coffee.

When offered a no-license ticket, he accepted it, submitted to have a blue ribbon tied in his button-hole, and then silently and solemnly walked out again.

The women were elated to know that they had one friend in the scornful crowd that had so ignored them all day. When the votes were counted that night there were just four no-license.

'Any way,' the women said to each other; 'there was one more than ourselves.' And in spite of Mr. Utley's teasing they continued to believe that their work was not lost.

Inquiry developed the fact that their silent friend was a Norwegian with an unpronounceable name, who had lately come to Marston to act as foreman in one of the large shops.

A few weeks later Mrs. Utley decided to start a Loyal Temperance Legion. She had the meeting announced in the church and in the one little newspaper which the town afforded, while she herself visited many of the workmen's families and invited the children to come.

The first meeting was held in the evening. About thirty noisy, untrained urchins were there, and just as Mrs. Utley had called them to order in came the solemn Norwegian, pushing before him two little tow-headed mites almost as solemn as himself. As soon as Mrs. Utley took them in charge he slipped into a back seat and silently waited until the close, then took the little ones home again.

At every public meeting or entertainment of the W. C. T. U. thereafter, whether it rained or whether it shone, this man was always present, and although he steadily refused to talk, except in monosyllables, he never failed to do his share of work when there was anything to be done that he could do. Mr. Utley dubbed him the Ever Faithful, and the women, hard pressed by opposition and discouragements, grew to depend on this silent friend more than they knew. Sometimes they urged him to speak in their social meetings, but he always shook his head.

'No, ladies,' he would say, sometimes; 'I cannot talk for temperance, but I will always count one for your side.'

They were often mystified by this curious answer, but one evening Mrs. Utley unexpectedly learned its meaning.

The Loyal Legion had been flourishing for about a year when a sudden check came to it. A new priest came to the little Catholic church, and forbade its members to allow their children to attend the Loyal Legion. At the next meeting of the society Mrs. Utley found no one present except her own children, the two little tow-heads, and the Ever Faithful.

She was so disappointed she could hardly keep from crying, but controlling her feelings, she sat down to have a cosy chat with the little tow-heads, and was surprised to find how much they remembered of what she had taught them.

Soon she went down the aisle where Ever Faithful sat, and seated herself in front of him with the determination to make him talk if it were possible.

'What shall we do with our Loyal Legion now?' she burst out. 'Aren't you perfectly discouraged? Why did the Lord let that priest come to interfere when our work was going on so well?'

The man looked at her with an expression of dull surprise, but he said not a word. But Mrs. Utley had reached the point where she must talk, even if she got no answer.

'What has my work amounted to?' she questioned; 'here I've labored and prayed for those children, and some of them were actually growing good, and now that priest has spoiled everything.'

'You have counted one,' remarked the silent man, with a vague attempt at comfort.

'But what does that amount to? What can I do against such a tide of opposition, any way?' she went on. 'Everything is against us. Half the people can't understand English, and they are so pitifully ignorant. What can I do for them?'

'You can count one,' was the laconic answer.

Mrs. Utley did not know whether to laugh or cry at this peculiar method of comfort. Presently she decided to do neither.

'Won't you tell me,' she asked with a winning smile, 'what you mean by "counting one?" What makes you say it so often?'

The Ever Faithful struggled a moment for words, and then said: 'Ten years ago, lady, I lived in a town where there were some temperance women like you. And they haf wat they call a consecration pledge. I haf it yet. I let you read it.'

Taking from his pocket a soiled and worn paper, he handed it to Mrs. Utley, who took it and read:—

'We, the undersigned, hereby solemnly promise that from this hour we will devote our lives to temperance work. We pledge ourselves to be ready to sacrifice time, money, labor, property and, if necessary, life itself, in this cause, whenever and wherever God shall call.'

'Well?' said Mrs. Utley inquiringly, when she had finished.

'You see, lady, one dem women she asked me to sign. And I say, What use me to sign it, I cannot do anything? I have no education, no money, no property, no anything. I cannot do anything for temperance. And the lady, she say, "John, you can always count one for our side," so I tink if that be all the Lord want me to do I sign it. Ten year I keep that pledge. Wherever dere be temperance meeting or temperance voting I go and count one. What difference it make to me whether dere be big crowd or little one; don't I count one just the same when dere be only five as when dere be five hundred? Sometimes the men say, "John, you trow your vote away." I say no, the Lord count it on his side just the same when it stand all alone as when it stand with ten thousand. I no promised to be a crowd at the meetin'; I no promise to carry election; I only promise to count one. Now, lady, I hope you no more worry 'bout dat wicked priest. The Lord will settle with him, you just count one.'

The tears stood in Mrs. Utley's eyes as he finished.

'You have taught me a lesson, John,' she said, grasping his hand warmly; 'hereafter I'll trust the defeats to the Lord and see to it that I count my one, whatever happens to the work.'

It was not many weeks before the children came back to the Loyal Legion which grew so large in time that it had to be divided into two and meet on separate evenings. The little new town grew to be a prosperous, thriving city, and the W. C. T. Union multiplied its membership by ten.

Mrs. Utley branched out in the work and became in due time county president, then district president and finally a state officer. And frequently at the conventions over which she presides with sweet dignity, she tells the story of the man whom her husband still calls her Ever Faithful, and how he taught her to count one for God in darkness as well as light, in defeat as well as in victory. And captured by her enthusiasm and led on by her courage the women of her district tell the story to one another as each in her place stands to count one for God and home and native land.

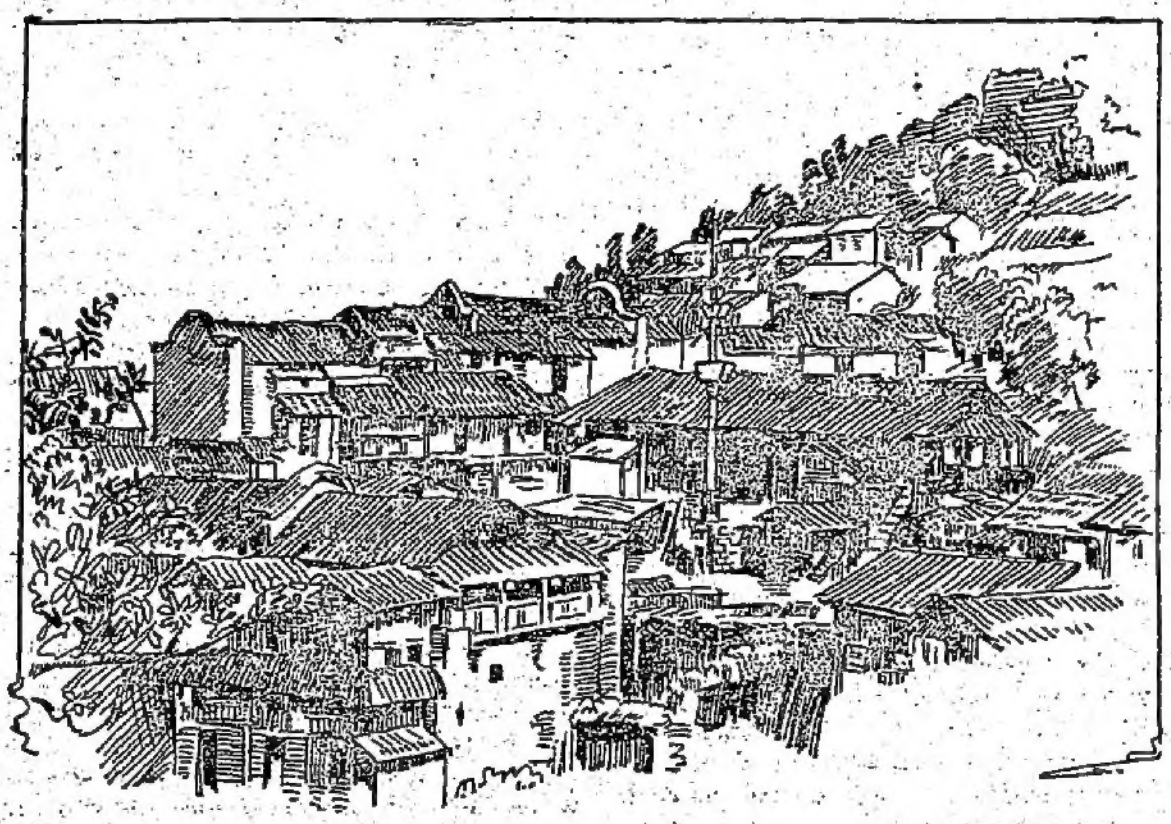
The two little tow-heads have grown to be intelligent and enthusiastic young people, right hand helpers to Mrs. Utley in all good works. Other little tow-heads, their younger brothers and sisters, have come to take their places in the Loyal Legion, and Mr. Utley says that if the family of Ever Faithful keeps on it will count ten for temperance instead of one.—'Union Signal.'

BOYS AND GIRLS

A Home in the Ing Hok Mountains of China.

Rev. Dwight Goddard, of Foochow, China, in 'Missionary Herald.'

Our preacher and myself started out a while ago to visit one of our Christians whose home is in the mountains near Ing Hok. His home is like that of so many of the Christians in the country districts that a description of it may not be uninteresting.



HWA SANG, THE VILLAGE WHERE THE ENGLISH MISSIONARIES WERE MURDERED, AUGUST, 1, 1895.

We take with us as we start a handful of tracts, portions of Scripture and hymns to sell if we can, or at any rate read and talk about. Our preacher is pleasantly greeted on every hand, and even strangers on the road, with old-fashioned courtesy, salute us and ask if we have 'eaten our rice' or where we are going.

We climb up through the valleys, winding in and out along the edge of the rice terraces, on roads often scarcely a foot wide that serve China for highways. Now we enjoy a smooth road and more frequently a very bad one, according as some man has been led to do a work of merit by repairing it. At last, with a turn in the path about the shoulder of the range, we spy a clump of bamboos and pines that is like an oasis on the bare, over-cultivated mountain-side.

In the midst of this clump is the home of our church member. We exclaim at once, 'Why, he must be a very rich man to have so large a house!' Alas! we find him to be the younger brother of the head of the family, and the house proves to be a village, for there are twenty 'chows' (kitchen stoves) that tell the number of families, and ninety mouths, but all of one family. Over the entrance to the court are two ornamental signs that show that children for two generations have secured the first degree for literary merit.

This entrance opens into a quadrangle, or open court, on the opposite side of which is the reception room, a good-sized, lofty room, open in front to sun and rain, but sheltered by the overhanging roof. At the end, or head, of the room are the shrines of idols and ancestral tablets, with lanterns overhead, and on the walls are hung charts and banners with felicitous expressions of welcome. On either side of this room and also on the other sides of the quadrangle are other rooms. In the rear are passageways leading to quadrangles beyond, whose rooms are used for kitchens, sleeping-rooms, and barns; and beyond these are further passageways which lead into still other quadrangles of other families of this one huge family.

We are greeted by barking dogs, shouting children, a few men and curious women appearing at all the doors and windows. We are ushered into the reception room and offered seats, which are only wooden 'horses.' On these we attempt to seat ourselves near the foot of the room. Then tea is at once brought, which is freshly prepared by pouring boiling water on a few tea leaves in each covered cup. Questions and answers begin to pass almost before we have had time to look about.

The people crowd around us, not one neatly dressed, most of them in dirty, patched garments, but they are all smiling a welcome. There are no men or boys about, for they are in the fields at work, but any number of babies, children, and women. A few of the latter show by the paint on their faces and their bound feet that they are of the 'first families.' They all use this reception room in common; and when they had asked the usual questions about how much our shoes cost, how old we are, and what our surname is, they remarked on the color of our eyes and on the fact that a young man has a mustache.

Then we begin to edge in a little gospel. I have the preacher read from one of the gospels, say John's account of the woman of Samaria. Then I talk a little in fragments to the preacher, and he enlarges upon it, about 'God is a spirit, and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth.' Having gained their attention, we try to sell them the book for eight cash (about one-half a cent), because they so quickly forget our spoken words, but they read the book after we are gone. Then we sing a hymn, which they like, and offer a prayer. Then we tell them when the next Sabbath is and urge them to attend service.

We now attempt to take our leave; but no, they will not listen to our proposal to go. The church member's wife is preparing food for us; we must stop and eat. We protest, as is expected of us, and finally compromise, as is also expected, by accepting a single bowl of rice or vermicelli, with, perhaps, a fried egg on top, which is supposed to be a delicacy which foreigners particularly like. Imagine us with chopsticks trying to eat the great long strings of vermicelli! Then we

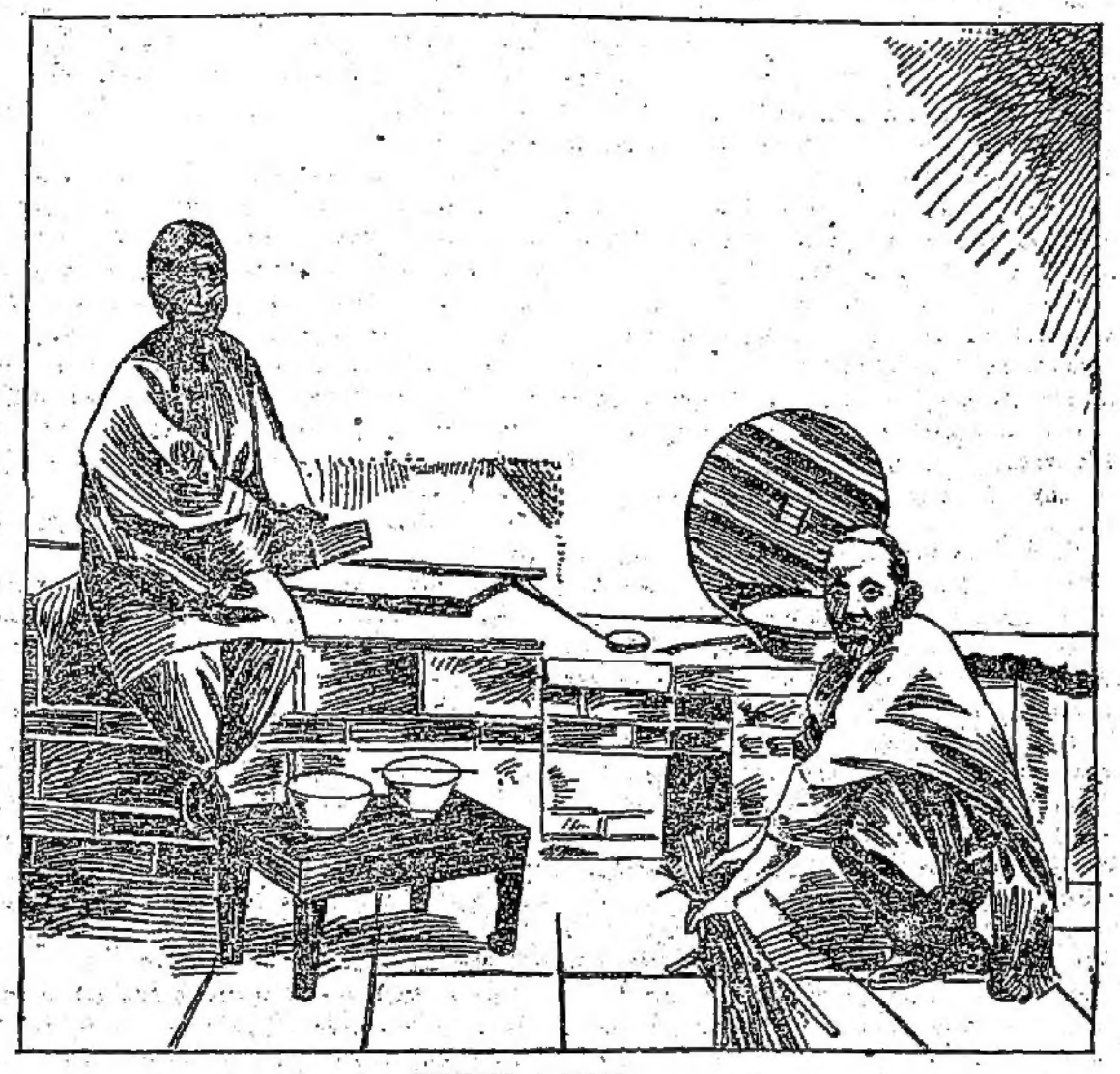
CHINESE AT MEALTIME.

Alas! for our American and Christian predelictions for cleanliness! Everything is filthy. The house itself was a fine house when it was built, but no repairs are ever made and it is never cleaned, so that smoke and dust and rubbish collect and are undisturbed. It being harvest time for wheat and tea, the reception room itself is used as a granary; a room diagonally opposite in the main court is used for a pig-pen, and another for storage of straw and brushwood. Within this same court is a big buffalo cow, munching coarse grass. In the centre of the court is a pool of stagnant water with a green scum on it. The wall is tumbled down, and hens, chickens, pigs, dogs, children, cows, ducks, goats, babies wander about in equal favor, paying no attention to parlor, guests, *drying tea leaves, rubbish or mud* puddles.

say good-by by repeating, 'Please be seated; please be seated.' And they follow us out, responding, 'Walk slowly; walk slowly.'

We remind them that day after to-morrow is worship day, and again clasp our own hands and raise them in front of the face, bowing all the time. We turn and go a few steps, and then repeat.

It is from homes like these, far scattered, that our church members largely come, one from here and another from there, and not



COOKING A MEAL.

one entirely free from the effect of family prejudice and petty persecution, in spite of smooth and kindly welcome to us.

Pray for them that they may have grace given to witness a good confession in it all.

Getting Ready.

(By Sallie V. Du Bois.)

'The pastor said something in his sermon which made a deep impression on my mind,' said Mrs. Green, as she carefully poured out her husband's coffee. 'He gave an outline of the life of Jacob; his text, "How old art thou? The years of my pilgrimage have been few and evil," etc.' 'Well,' said Mr. Green inquiringly, while Cousin Carrie, who was kept from the service by a sprained ankle, laid aside her fork to listen. '"Get ready! Take with you all that will pass for currency there," he said, in the latter clause of the sermon. He depicted the variableness of life, now here, there and elsewhere, no real abiding place, it being simply a school of preparation for the eternal home in heaven.' 'I wonder what sort of metal passes for currency there,' said Mr. Green quietly, his appetite in nowise diminished. 'Any gift given in the name of Christ and for his sake,' answered Cousin Carrie. 'Christ accepts only the true service of the heart and the gift which really counts in heaven is that which costs us self-denial here.'

'But our gift may be misappropriated or not disposed of wisely; will it pass currency then?' 'Yes, uncle, certainly, and the blessing is ours. When we withhold our gifts it is then we refuse to be blessed. And it is never safe to slight any service, however small. I remember reading somewhere a sweet poem, "Unawares," in which

'"They said, the Master is coming
To honor the town to-day.
And none can tell at what house or home
The Master will choose to stay."

'There was one busy woman who polished, swept and garnished her house for his reception. Ah, what would she not do to entertain and honor the guest Divine. The air was laden with sweet flowers, breathing their fragrance in every room, and doors were left ajar so that if he came unexpectedly he might quietly enter. By-and-by a cripple, sad pale, and worn, came to her door, pleading for help. "I have no time to-day," she said, "I am preparing for the presence of the Christ." The discouraged lad feebly hobbled away, when a little child next came with a tear stained face and a bruised and bleeding finger. Still the same plea, "Go elsewhere, there is no room here to-day." The day was spent and night deepened, and the Master came not. "Ah, I have toiled for naught," she wept. "He has entered some other home." Then the weary woman slept and a vision appeared. The Master stood before her with a face grave and sad:

'"Three times I came to your door
And craved your pity and care;
Three times you sent me onward,
Unhelped and uncomforted,
And the blessing you might have had was lost,
And your chance to serve has fled."'

'A bank account in heaven seems rather an absurd thought,' said Mr. Green. 'If shrouds only contained pockets, many an old miser here might edge his way in at the last. But the currency must be deposited before the end.'

'I wonder how it is,' said Mrs. Green, 'that we so lightly estimate our privileges here? Our gifts to the Lord are often very meagre, indeed such gifts as we would scorn to offer any earthly friend. Yet he is our Saviour, to him we owe our life, our health, our hope of heaven! We act as if we should live forever, when in reality we may not see another day here.'

'We all need a closer walk with God,' Cousin Carrie said. 'Heaven has seemed no distant country to me since God removed from earth my dearest treasures. When my father was taken, the heavenly city became real. I pictured his face there, always beautiful to me, now sanctified and radiant in the light of God's countenance. But when my mother was taken, then it seemed that only a veil divided me, and heaven had all that I loved most here. I had pictured heaven before as something radiant, streets of gold, harps and angels ever praising God, but now two of the inhabitants are familiar to me, for their love was my most precious earthly boon.'

'Blessed is that sorrow which sanctifies the heart,' said Mrs. Green. 'Carrie, I thought of you when the pastor recited, feelingly, that beautiful hymn, "I would not live alway, I ask not to stay." Mrs. Bowers said he recited it like a born poet, and perhaps it is so. The thought that impressed me most was his earnestness, that he, too, had wrestled with the woes of this life and felt to depart and be with Christ is far better. Oh, if this life were all, if there were no hope beyond the grave! In my estimation there is no more beautiful text for the Christmastide than the words, "Thanks be to God for his unspeakable gift."'

'I wonder if it is really possible to grow into the likeness of Christ here,' said Mr. Green, meditatively. 'I wish I could remember what Henry Drummond has said about this very thing in his essay on Modes of Sanctification,' Carrie answered, 'and I am sure that it would more than convince you. It is Tennyson who has said, "I am a part of all that I have met." Professor Drummond says he remembers two fellow-students who lived for eight years together, and by the end of that time they had become so like one another in their methods of thinking, in their opinions, in their way of looking at things, that they were practically one. There was the savor of Jonathan about David, and of David about Jonathan. So we become like those whom we habitually associate with.

'How important, then, that Christ should be our constant companion. And we are not to underestimate the currency spent in his service. The beautiful story of the widow's mite, coming to us through the ages, illustrates that it is the spirit of love which prompts the gift that really counts. We are apt to think there is not much currency in the humble services of everyday life, but it is not so. The smallest influence rolls like a wave on the shores of time, only to break in the boundless realms of eternity.'—'Christian Intelligencer.'

On Guard.

You have a little prisoner,
He's nimble, sharp and clever
He's sure to get away from you
Unless you watch him ever.

And when he once gets out he makes
More trouble in an hour
Than you can stop in many a day,
Working with all your power.

He sets your playmates by the ears,
He says what isn't so,
And uses many ugly words
Not good for you to know.

Quick, fasten tight the ivory gates,
And chain him while he's young
For this same dangerous prisoner
Is just—your little tongue!

—Priscilla Leonard, in 'Michigan Advocate.'

The Thumb-Nail Bank.

WHAT JIMMIE DID.

'A Fact in 'Wellspring.'—By Anna F. Burnham.

Jimmie was dead. But that did not make any difference. Some people live so well while they do live that their sweet influence shines on long after they have passed out of sight, as does the light of stars which have faded out of the visible heavens.

A ragged lot of bootblacks and newsboys stood in an angle of the wall near the busy entrance of the rearing railway station.

'See what he gimme!' said the smallest and best dressed of the number, holding up a bootblack's 'kit' as if it had been a gold nugget.

'Jimmie give you that?' cried one or two of the others eagerly.

'Last thing 'fore he died. Said for me to help mother an' sis with it, 'stead of going to school this winter. Used to lend it to me, sick days when he couldn't use it. It helped lots, too, times when sis couldn't get no work and mother's eyes got bad over the 'broidery.'

'That's Jim, all over, wa'n't it?' said a taller ragamuffin. 'Many's the time he's give me a bite o' his apple; he was always fer giving other fellers a bite!'

'That's him!' said the others heartily, as they separated. 'First bite, too, 'fore he'd stuck his teeth into it!'

'An' a good big one, or he'd punch yer!' called back some body over his shoulder, as the touching little 'memorial service' broke up, and the grimy, tattered little eulogists went their way to their several places of business.

Little Joe went off with his kit and established himself in front of a handsome hotel where a friendly policeman nodded a welcome to him, having often seen him before on some of Jimmie's 'sick days.' It was early yet for customers, and he clapped his cold hands together to keep them warm, and stamped upon the ground as if calling up the invisible genii that (in fairy tales) always waits upon all good boys and girls and their wishes.

'Shi-i-inne! shi-i-ine! shi'—

The last two or three syllables of that long word broke off short as a good-looking boot plumped down on the block made ready for it, and little Joe instantly pounced on it, like a hawk on a chicken. How he did make those brushes fly! It was the first job of the day, and Joe had an odd kind of feeling, not altogether wrong, that the first job was a fortune-teller. If he was careless and slow on the first pair of boots, he was not apt to improve much on the others offered him, and the other boys had 'all the luck.' Mother insisted that there wasn't any luck about it, but the plainest of good plain reasons, but Joe shook his head, and kept on thinking a good deal of that first job. Besides, this morning he was glad to work fast and warm up.

The young man who was having his boots polished stood looking down at him with pleasant amusement. He saw that Joe was giving his whole mind to those boots, and hadn't looked up to recognize him. By and by he spoke, and the voice was as cordial as a Christmas greeting.

'Good job, Joe!'

'Well, I'm a beauty!' was Joe's astonished remark, looking up to find that he had been working five minutes for a friend without knowing it. 'Why didn't you tell me who I was doing it for?'

'You couldn't have done it better if you had known,' responded the young man, who was Joe's Sunday-school teacher for about an hour a week in a large Sunday-school lately planted in that end of the city. 'Besides, I hadn't seen you for so long, I didn't know but what you had forgotten how I looked!'

Joe's face was red with exercise, or something else, but his mumbled answer was too low for any one to understand much by it.

'Where have you been?' persisted his friend. 'I thought you went to school.'

'Did.'

'And you don't now, seems to me!'

'Hard times, don't you know,' said Joe at last, trying to speak as if it didn't hurt him. 'Takes a pile o' money to run things, and mother took sick a while ago. 'Course, I'm the only boy and I ought to. The rest's nothing but girls, anyway.'

'And you don't come near me any more!' said his teacher in a tone that won Joe to a sudden burst of confidence.

'Why, you see it's just this way! I wouldn't be staying away but you can see I don't put on no style any more. Look at my clo'es. And there ain't any o' your fellers bootblacks, you know. And—and—I thought it might make 'em kind o' want to shy off 'way from the class and from you'—

'So you thought you'd shy off from me first, and make a sure thing of it!' said the young man as Joe stopped appealingly. 'You call that treating me fair? Where'd you get this?' touching the 'kit,' which was Joe's visible means of livelihood.

'This?' said Joe, touching it too, and in a curiously reverent, lingering way, as if he loved it. 'Jim give it to me, a feller that lived in the same house 't I did. He was a—say, I guess you dropped something! This your'n?'

'Why, yes!' said the young man, taking the small, shining trinket offered him, and fastening it again on his watch guard. 'I wonder how I happened to do that? Must look out for it.'

'What is it?' asked Joe, curiously eyeing it. 'Looks like a little dime bank they was selling around the streets a while ago—shaped just like that, and a little horseshoe on it, and the word "Luck." Every ten-center you got, you put in for luck.'

'No luck about this, my boy. It's an investment.'

'Dead sure?'

'Can't fail. Pays a bigger interest than any other bank I ever put my money in. But if I put any mark on it, it wouldn't be a "lucky" horseshoe or any such heathenish thing, but a little gold cross, to remind me what I was saving my dimes for. "For Christ and the Church" is the meaning of it—see?'

'"Sunday-School Society,"' read Joe, wonderingly, as his friend held the little box down on a level with his eyes, and showed him the legend on the cover 'What does that mean?'

'I call it my "Thumb-nail Bank,"' explained the other. 'About that shape, you see, and not much bigger. It holds just ten dimes. Do you know what that means—a whole dollar—when you send the box back where it belongs, to the Sunday-School Society?'

'A dollar more in someb'dy's pocket, o' course,' said Joe, putting his cold hands in his own pockets, by way of filling them.

'It means,' said his friend in a low, thrilling voice, leaning down and looking at him with intense, far-seeing eyes that saw, not Joe, but a thousand boys just like him,—'it means that every time one of those little boxes gets filled, it says to some boy, "Here, take a year's schooling!" It gives some poor boy or girl a whole year's chance to learn about Jesus! It gives them books and papers and teachers, and all that goes to make up a chance—for children that haven't any chance. That's what ten little silver dimes mean when you get 'em in this box!"

'And who's to put 'em in?' asked Joe, his face beginning to light up with some of the enthusiasm that glowed in his teacher's. 'Fellers like me? I'd like to give some other feller a chance! Say, I'm coming back next Sunday, style or no style!'

'Good!' said his teacher briefly. 'Who helps? Everybody is helping; some folks not half so well off as you are. But they have begun to find out what Sunday-schools can do for boys and girls, and they want to give somebody else a piece of their chance.'

'Just like Jimmie!' burst out Joe appreciatively.

'Like what?' said the young man blankly.

'Jimmie—the one that give me this here!' said Joe, pointing to his stock-in-trade. 'He's dead, Jimmie is. But he's more alive than lot o' folks ever are, I tell ye now! Won't any of us fellers ever forget the kind o' chap he was! Always fer givin' the other fellers a bite! That's what a boy said about him this very morning. And I guess the folks that fills them boxes are some like him! Say, g'mme one, will yer? I know some fellers that would like to help fill up one.'

'Do you mean it, Joe?' asked the young man doubtfully, beginning to undo the little treasure box. 'Who are they—boys that come over to the school, ever?'

'No—does that make a difference?' asked Joe disappointedly. 'Can't anybody but Sunday-schoolers put in? No matter—give it here! I'll see 't they do come! For Jimmie's sake they will, you see if they don't. Hang her roung my neck, here! Thank ye. Now, if I get ten good silver dimes in her, will ye send her on? Sure? All right! That's a bargain.'

Joe's teacher was about to explain to him that the box would gladly receive donations from any quarter, and would-be givers need not be shut out because they did not happen to belong to a Sunday-school, but he was luckily saved from any such undoing. A gruff customer approached who summoned Joe in no gentle tones to 'tend to business if he had any business, and if he hadn't, he'd like to know what business he had to be there anyway. Joe fell zealously upon the offered boot, and his early morning caller disappeared in the crowd with a heart full of new thoughts and projects for 'his boys,' as he loved to call them. A worker in city slums or neglected country districts who does not come to love those whom he would rescue, will soon cease to work there. For those who do remain in the work the personal interest is absorbing. They know poor children as Jesus would have known them, by name, by sight, by touch of hand and arm.

Three days after the beginning of our story the 'opening exercises' were just drawing to a close in the big Sunday-school room where Joe's class usually gathered; the bible-class doors were going up, the last strains of 'Jesus loves me' were floating in from the primary room, and the superintendent was waiting for a chance to say, 'The classes will now attend to the study of the lesson,' when the outer door opened and a tattered, streaked, defiant-looking file of boys marched in, and advanced as far as the middle aisle, where the leader, who was the youngest and smallest, looked round doubtfully, looked up at the superintendent appealingly, and then attempted to make a bee line for the north-east corner of the room where his teacher was standing up and beckoning to him. The line was rather crooked and took him close past the superintendent's desk and over to a corner of the platform, but the boys followed as closely as if it was an every-day game of Follow-

my-leader, and no one lifted voice or finger to stop them till they stopped of their own accord in an irregular squad in front of the young man who was shaking Joe's hand in a way to make his wrist ache.

'Here's the Bank!' said Joe, producing a tiny box with the air of a Rothschild. 'And here's the fellers! We're all in it—the whole livin' ten of us! I told 'em to put in fer Jimmie, and they couldn't put in 'less they come along o' me an' b'longed to Sunday-school!'

The new class did not go begging for a teacher. A corner was quickly made for them, bibles and quarterlies provided, and a bright-faced volunteer teacher undertook their education. Joe concluded to cast in his lot with his own mates, whose 'style' equalled his own, and who begged him, with many nudges and energetic whispers, to 'stick by and see this thing through, anyhow.'

Before the session ended Joe's old teacher took the platform, after a whispered word to the superintendent, and told very simply the story of the little 'Thumb-nail Bank,' omitting certain particulars (which were not suppressed in a later teachers' meeting, however), and calling on all the classes to follow the earnest, unselfish example of this new class which had just come in to show the royal, Christly way of giving. All over the room came quick, eager responses.

'Hold on to Joe's box till you get some more to go with it!' came from the back of the room somewhere.

'Give me a bank for my class!' called another voice, known to the superintendent.

'And me!' cried another.

The banks were gladly given out, with a request to return them the next Sunday, when all would be forwarded together, and the last bell was on the point of sounding, when Joe arose in his place, assisted by many a friendly punch and poke from his nine associates.

'It ain't to be called Joe's bank, yer know!' said Joe, firmly. 'It's all of us' bank, come to that. But the fellers say they won't have it called so. And why can't ye call it Jimmie's bank? He's the one that did it, dead or no dead! He's the one that put it in our heads about givin' the other fellers a bite!'

Three Bits.

'Who is that gentleman stepping across the street so briskly?' asked Uncle Mark, who was a visitor in the Dayton household.

As he sat by the window a few minutes before dinner, he noticed some one crossing the street, and asked his nephew the question, because there was something interesting in the very way the gentleman walked.

Ralph looked out, and then said warmly: 'We call him the boys' good neighbor, but his name is Mr. Speed. He lives in the house on the corner.'

'Why is he such a good neighbor to the boys?'

'I don't know what makes him, but we all know that he is. He hasn't any boys of his own; that is, not now,' and Ralph's altered and sympathetic tone said, without words, that there had been once. 'He says,' the boy went on, 'that he can adopt all he wants to, since it is left to him to choose, so he calls all the fellows 'round here his boys, and he makes it jolly for us, I tell you. Now and then he has us up at the house for games and good times, and he always has something pleasant to say to a fellow when he meets him. He speaks to his neighbors, too, wherever he runs across them, which is something not all the grown-ups do,' and Ralph looked injured at the thought.

'It speaks well for Mr. Speed that one of his neighbor boys is ready to give him such a good character,' said Uncle Mark. 'I think the boys ought to be extra good, in order to be worthy of such a friend.'

After such an introduction to Mr. Speed, nobody will be surprised to find that he was a favorite with all the boys, and had a strong influence over them.

I.

There was a vacant lot in the middle of the block so favored by this good neighbor, where the boys congregated for play, morning, noon and night. It was noticeable that although Mr. Speed lived on the opposite side of the street, he usually crossed over, when he went to his office, in order to pass the boys at play. Some people, it is well known, take pains to avoid such playground and players, but Mr. Speed really loved boys, and wished to help them. For this double reason he cultivated them. He was not one of those who wish 'to help people with a pole;' he wanted to get within easy reach.

One morning, as he passed early, the good neighbor heard some sharp disputings, in loud tones; few quarrel in whispers, you know. Several boys were accusing an absent mate of cheating. One or two stood up for the absent, who was a special chum, but the others were positive about his misdeed.

'Boys,' said Mr. Speed, who had come up unnoticed, 'listen to me.'

They all turned at the sound of his hearty voice, which always attracted them.

'You seem to be talking of something you are not sure about. Take my advice, and wait till you know for certain. Find out for sure, and then decide, but don't make up your minds about a mate of yours, till you are sure of what he has done. You are honorable boys, so you will not be willing to do anything mean,' and away he hurried with his brisk step, and the click of the cane he carried, sounding as he went.

Mr. Speed never hammered out his advice; he gave it in a compact lump and left it. The boys knew that they had not been fair and felt ashamed. Although not quite ready to own up, they stopped making charges carelessly.

II.

On the way home from his office that evening, Mr. Speed fell in with Ralph and another boy, who were talking earnestly about a certain plan for helping some poorer boys in another neighborhood. When Mr. Speed overtook them they told him the scheme, and Dick Holt said with great candor:

'You see, it isn't anything that would do us any good. Those fellows couldn't do anything for us; we don't need it, and they couldn't anyhow, so what's the use. It would be doing a great deal, and not get anything. 'Twouldn't pay, seems to me.'

'Gilbert,' said Mr. Speed, who knew his boys' names, you see, 'be willing to give more than you get, and you'll be richer in the end. If you keep counting up the pay you are to have, and looking out for number one, your soul will get so small it won't hold much after a while. Be ready to give out to others, and your soul will grow larger with giving, and, trust my word for it, till you can prove it, my boy, a big soul is worth more than a big purse.'

Mr. Speed had a way of saying things that made his boys feel that they were true and worth heeding. They always listened, and generally believed when he spoke. When he left them, it was with the useful thought in each boyish heart that a big soul, made large by giving instead of getting, was worth most of all. Mr. Speed had that kind, they were sure.

III.

The next day this good neighbor heard some boys exchanging high words about their turns in a game. One boy held out against the rest. He knew he had the right, he declared, and he wouldn't give it up. It was making great trouble, as Mr. Speed saw.

'Look here, Jack,' he said, laying his hand on the boy's shoulder, and drawing him a little apart, 'even suppose you are right, give up rather than quarrel for your rights. The great King David once said that he restored what he did not take away, and his example is good. Don't fight for your turn even if you think you deserve it. Don't be afraid of giving up a little, if it will keep peace. All the boys will go on with the game if you will give up a little. It won't hurt you to be generous with your rights, though you must never give up to what is not right, you know. Will you give up your turn for sake of peace?'

All the boys waited for the answer. The rest were not willing to yield, for they were all certain that Jack was wrong. Jack thought he had a right to stand up for his rights, as he saw them, but his friend's words made him think that there might be something better than this.

'All right, I will,' said the boy heartily.

'Good,' said Mr. Speed. 'Nobody can make you give up your own way, but you can do it yourself. Let others have more than their share rather than fight for what they think is more than yours, no matter what you think.'

And the good neighbor, having made peace, passed on. In twenty-four hours he had given such excellent advice in three pieces, that it ought to be handed over at once:—

'Take time to find out the truth.'

'Be willing to give more than you get.'

'Let others have more than their share, rather than fight for more than yours.'

The best way to pass on this threefold advice is to live it out.—Julia H. Johnston, in N. Y. 'Observer.'

A Successful Failure.

By Rev. Isaac L. Kip.

About twenty years ago a young licentiate from a theological seminary received a call from, and was soon afterwards ordained and installed over, a certain suburban parish. The contiguity of the place to the city, combined with its natural and local attractions, made it a desirable residence and brought a goodly number of the better class of people to make their homes there, of whom this church received a large proportion. In the summer season the congregation was very considerably augmented by city boarders and visitors, and by several prominent families who had cottages and passed their summers there; yet its advantages made it at the same time a laborious field and imposed a heavy tax on the resources of one who had just commenced his ministry and had accumulated no stock of sermons or experience.

Some two years after his entrance upon his work there, and in the very height of the summer season, when the strain upon his intellectual and spiritual energies was at its utmost tension, the minister received one day early in the week a letter from a clerical friend in a distant town, stating that the writer proposed making him a visit and would pass the following Sabbath with him, and, if desired, would relieve him from his pulpit ministrations for that day. To

be freed even for one week from the necessity of sermon preparation was a very grateful relief to the young minister, and so, disencumbered from that care, he determined to utilize his rest by devoting the week to pastoral work. He could thus redeem the time to the best advantage, and even accumulate a little reserve fund in that department of duty which would enable him to return to his study with a clear conscience and better zest.

So he spent the week in such service, going from house to house in friendly social interchange with his people, speaking words of sympathy and cheer, strengthening the bond which united them; and when the busy week came to its close he had the pleasant consciousness that it had not been spent in vain.

On Saturday evening he went to the station to meet and welcome his expected guest. In due time the train arrived and poured out a throng of passengers, among whom he elbowed his way, eagerly scanning the faces for the object of his quest. But he was not to be seen, and when the crowd had melted away the young pastor stood alone. Slowly and dejectedly he made his way to the post-office, where by the evening mail was a letter from his friend stating that he had been detained, and would not be able to fulfil his engagement. Bitterly disappointed, he turned his way homeward. All other sense of regret was swallowed up in the thought of his unprepared state for Sabbath services. There was no possible way of relief from the burden which pressed upon him so heavily. He had exhausted all the written material in his own possession. He had availed himself of all opportunities of exchange with neighboring ministers. There was no one to whom he could apply for help.

After supper, which had been delayed in consequence of the expected visitor, he went into his study. The evening was short and his time for preparation very limited. He had no subject in his mind. But he forced himself to a selection and, though hopeless of success, in a spirit of dogged resolution he entered upon his preparation, and applied himself to his work until long after the midnight hour, and until his tired brain refused to be spurred to further effort. He retired to his bed; but sleep was long in coming, and when it came was fitful and disturbed. When the morning came he awoke unrefreshed and heavy-hearted, and when the hour for service arrived he went to his church with that same prejudged sense of failure, and, as it seemed to him, discharged his duties in a most unsatisfactory manner, and when the service was over went back to his home, his cheeks almost tingling with shame at the conscious demerit of his sermon and its utter inadequacy to the requisitions of his audience.

Time, of course, wore away the sharpness of the sting, and abundant subsequent opportunities were given him for retrieving the reputation which, in his judgment, that service had damaged, though his own opinion of the service remained unchanged. In his estimation it was an abject failure.

Several weeks afterwards there came to him one day a letter bearing the postmark of a town in the western part of the state. The superscription was in an unfamiliar handwriting, and when he had opened the letter to ascertain the name of the writer he saw that it was from some one entirely unknown to him. But it bore a very direct message. It opened with the statement that the writer had passed that Sabbath, which had been a day of such trial to the young minister, in his village. He was an avowed unbeliever and had not attended any church service before in many years. But some impulse he could not define led him to that church that day. From the very opening of the services to their close he had been deeply impressed. The invocation and Scripture lesson and hymns came to him with special direction and power. When the text was announced, 'What is truth?' he felt it to be just what he needed to hear, and gave close attention to every word, and left the church under such a sense of the reality and power of spiritual things as he had never had before. Nor did the impression prove transient. That service and sermon remained in heart and conscience until a solemn resolution to become a Christian had been taken. And now, at the dictation of his own changed heart, he wrote to acknowledge the instrumentality by which that change had been effected.

For a few moments that pastor sat, after reading the letter, in mute surprise. But soon tears of joy and gratitude filled his eyes, and dropping upon his knees he sent up a song of praise to him who had seen fit thus to charge his extreme weakness with the glory of his divine power. And his eyes were opened to his own error. He saw how much of pride and self-confidence had entered into his estimate of his service; he accepted the tender discipline and laid the sweet lesson to heart.

As Samson found honey in the carcass of the lion, so out of our humiliations and disappointments the Lord can bring assurances of comfort and acceptance. We have no right to expect a blessing upon indolence or negligence; but under pressure of peculiar difficulties and circumstances apparently adverse God often commands light out of our darkness, and causes those who have sown in tears to reap in joy.—'American Messenger.'

What the Deacon Said.

'Yes,' said the deacon, 'there's many a man that calls himself honest, that's never so much as inquired what amount of debts heaven's books are going to show against him. I've learned that. There were years in my life when I hardly gave a cent to the Lord without begrudging it, and I've wondered since what I'd ever have talked about if I'd gone to heaven in those days, for I couldn't talk about anything but bargains and money getting here, and these wouldn't have been suitable subjects up yonder.

'Well, in those years I was telling you about, it was dreadful how I cheated the Lord out of his due. Once in a long time I paid a little to our church, but I didn't give a cent to anything else. Foreign mission Sunday was my rheumatiz day, reg'lar, and I didn't go to church. Home mission day was headache day with me allers, and I stayed away from meetin'. Bible Society day I'd gen'rally a tech of neuralgy so't I didn't feel like going out and I stayed at home. Tract Society day I'd begin to be afraid I was going to be deaf, and oughtn' to be out in the wind, so I stayed indoors; and on the Sunday for helping the Publication Society like as not my corns were unusually troublesome, and I didn't feel able to go out.

'Wife wanted me to take a religious paper once, but I wouldn't hear to't. Told her that was nonsense. I didn't believe any of the apostles ever took religious papers. The bible was enough for them, and it ought to be for other folks.

'And yet I never even thought I wasn't doin' right. I'd come into it sort of gradual, and didn't think much about givin' anyhow, except as sort of losing business.

'Well, my little girl Nannie was about eight years old then, and I was dreadful proud of her, for she was a smart little thing. One Sunday night we were sitting by the fire, and Nannie'd been saying her catechism,—and by-and-by she got kind of quiet and sober, and says she, "Pa, will we have to pay any rent in heaven?"

'"What?" says I, looking down at her, kind of astonished like.

'"Will we have to pay rent in heaven?" says she again.

'"Why, no," says I. "What made you think that?"

'Well, I couldn't get out of her for a time what she did mean. Nannie didn't know much about rent, anyhow, for we'd never had to pay any, livin' in our own house. But at last I found out that she'd heard some men talking about me, and one of them said, "Well, he's bound to be awful poor in the next world, I reckon. There ain't much of his riches laid up in heaven." And as the only real poor folks that Nannie'd ever known were some folks down at the village that had been turned out of doors because they couldn't pay their rent, that's what put it into Nannie's head that maybe I'd have to pay rent in heaven.

'Well, wife went on and talked to Nannie and explained to her about the "many mansions" in our "Father's house," you know, but I didn't listen much. I was mad to think Seth Brown dared to talk about me in that way, right before Nannie, too.

'I fixed up some pretty sharp things to say to Seth the next time I met him, and I wasn't very sorry to see him the next day in his cart. I began at him right off. He listened to everything that I sputtered out, and then he said, "Well, deacon, if you think the bank of heaven's got anything in it for you, I'm glad of it; but I've never seen you making deposits," and then he drove off.

'Well, I walked over to my blackberry-patch and sat down and thought, and the more I thought the worse I felt. I was angry at first, but I got cooler, and I thought of Foreign Mission Sunday and the rheumatiz, and Home Mission Sunday and the headache, and Bible Society day and the neuralgy, and Tract day and the corns, till it just seemed to me I couldn't stand it any longer; and I knelt down there in the blackberry-patch, and said, "Oh, Lord, I've been a stingy man, if ever there was one, and if ever I do get to heaven, I deserve to have to pay rent, sure enough. Help me to give myself, and whatever I've got, back to thee."

'And I believe he's helped me ever since. 'Twas pretty hard work at first, getting to giving. I did feel pretty sore over the first dollar I slipped into the collection plate, but I've learned better now; and I mean to keep on giving "as unto the Lord" till I go to that heaven where Nannie's been these twenty years.'—From a leaflet published by the American Home Mission Society.

An infidel named Barker was declaiming in Philadelphia in the hearing of a Quaker. The infidel said, in the course of his address, that all preachers were hypocrites and did not believe in the doctrines they preached. 'Let me ask thee a question,' said the Quaker. 'Thou wast a preacher some years ago: didst thou preach what thou didst not believe? Wast thou a hypocrite?' The infidel evaded answering, and the Quaker continued: 'If thou wast sincere when thou wast a preacher, there must have been at least one preacher who was not a hypocrite, so thou must be lying now. If thou wast a hypocrite, then thou mayest be one now. That is a dilemma, friend Barker.' The audience agreed, and the infidel was laughed into silence.

LITTLE FOLKS

A Child's Hymn.

(Six Hundred Years Old.)

Guard, my child, thy tongue,
That it speak no wrong,
  Let no evil word pass o'er it;
  Set the watch of truth before it,
That it speak no wrong,
Guard, my child, thy tongue.

Guard, my child, thine eyes;
Prying is not wise;
  Let them look on what is right;
  From all evil turn their sight;
Prying is not wise;
Guard, my child, thine eyes.

Guard, my child, thine ear;
Wicked words will sear;
  Let no evil words come in,
  That may cause the soul to sin;
Wicked words will sear;
Guard, my child, thine ear.

Ear and eye and tongue
Guard while thou art young;
  For, alas! these busy three
  Can unruly members be;
Guard, while thou art young,
Ear and eye and tongue.

The Lost Sheep.

'Oh, mamma!' cried pretty Molly. 'Look, look! Jim the shepherd has found our three lost sheep, and there they are, safe in the fold, eating away, and much happier, I am sure, than when they were lost. Yet they must have run away on purpose. Gone astray, Jim calls it. Weren't they silly things, mamma?'

Mrs. Mather smiled as she lifted up little baby Dot for a peep at the naughty sheep.

'Ah, Molly, I know another sheep that went astray yesterday—on purpose too!'

'Oh! Was it brought back? And was it fed?'

'No, darling; it was such a naughty little sheep that it wouldn't be fed.'

Molly became curious.

'How strange, mamma! What did the shepherd do with it?'

'He is waiting in love and patience for the time when his lamb will turn to him, and take the food he offers. He is waiting, Molly, to see that lamb sorry and grieved for going astray.'

Something in mother's voice made Molly glance quickly up, and then her head drooped as she said slowly—

'I remember you have told me that children are God's lambs. Are you talking about one of those?'

'Yes, dear; and I think you also remember who it was went astray, far away from Jesus, when she told a dreadful lie, and refused to own it.'

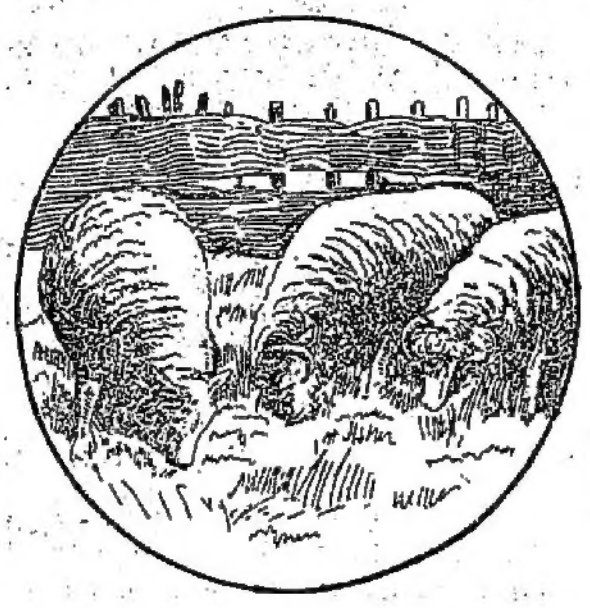
Lower and lower fell Molly's head.

'I don't remember anything about feeding. Who wanted to have me fed, mamma?'

'The Good Shepherd, little Molly. He told me to feed you with tales of his love, but you would not let me do so, and you would not come back to the fold.'

'How could I' faltered Molly. 'How did these come?'—pointing to the sheep.

'They were brought by their shep-



herd, and you could be brought by Jesus. He wanted you to see you had gone astray and be willing to return.'

'I—I am now,' whispered Molly, with two big tears trembling on her lashes. 'I've been very naughty and wicked, mamma dear, but I do want to be God's little lamb. That lie did make me feel very strange and lost, but I wouldn't let myself be sorry. Will Jesus forgive me?'

'Yes, dearest, and rejoice that his sheep is found; and when we get home you shall kneel down at my knee, while we pray not to be led astray, but kept in the fold of God's love.'—Maud Maddick in 'Child's Companion.'

The Watch Mended.

A little boy had a very nice watch, but it would not go right. It had a very pretty case and face, but it sometimes went too fast and sometimes too slow. He asked his mother what he should do about it. She told him to take it to the watchmaker's. He did so, and he said, 'Master John (the litle boy's name was John Wilson), it has its hands all right, but it will not go right. Therefore leave it with me, and come again in a few days, and I will tell you what is the matter with it.' John went again to him in a few days, and the watchmaker said to him, 'I opened your watch and I found there was the right number of wheels, and pins, and screws; but I found a little part called the "spring" which was wrong—it had a bad spring—and because the main-spring was wrong it sometimes went too fast and sometimes too slow.'

Boys are all like watches. Something within them goes tick—tick—and they have hands and inside works. But how do they go? Sometimes too fast, and sometimes too slow? Are not the hands sometimes going wrong? How is this? Let us examine. We must look at the main-spring—the heart, 'for out of it are the issues of life.' Everything depends upon the heart. God always looks most at the heart.—'Rays of Light.'

Building the Temple.

By Chaplain George Sanderson.

Previous to the reign of King Solomon the children of Israel had been troubled with strifes and wars. But after Solomon was made king, a time of peace came upon the nation, and Solomon set about building a most wonderful temple to the Lord. It was built of the most costly stone and wood, and ornamented with the most precious metals. So perfect was every stone and other parts fashioned that the noise of neither hammer nor axe nor any tool of iron was heard in the house while it was building. It was a magnificent edifice, and the Lord was so well pleased with it that his glory came and hallowed it, and he made a covenant with Solomon.

In our days the Spirit of God does not dwell in buildings of stone and wood. His temple now is in the bodies of his faithful followers. In writing to the Corinthians St. Paul said:

'Know ye not that your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost which is in you, which ye have of God, and

ye are not your own? For ye are bought with a price, therefore glorify God in your body, and in your spirit, which are God's.'

Thus you will see that the temple of God is your own body, and if you desire to have the presence of the living God come in and dwell there, you must keep the temple pure. The building must be erected on a solid foundation — even the Rock Christ Jesus. It must have Truth for its corner-stone, Love for its walls, and Honesty for its roof. Then there must be adornment for the interior, such as Charity, and Peace, and Humility and Forbearance. And whatsoever you do, you must do it as to the Lord.

Little folks, this is the kind of a temple I hope you are erecting to the Lord,—something that will give tangible evidence that the Spirit of God is dwelling within you. Then, if God spares you to live to a good old age, you will have erected a temple that will be pleasing in the sight of God and an honor to yourself. Old age may find you poor in the things this world has to give, but rich in the possession of an inheritance that is incorruptible and eternal.—'Little Folks' Paper.'

He Was a Gentleman.

A few days ago I was passing through a pretty, shady street, where some boys were playing at baseball. Among their number was a little lame fellow, seemingly about twelve years old—a pale, sickly looking child, supported on two crutches, and who evidently found much difficulty in walking, even with such assistance.

The lame boy wished to join the game, for he did not seem to see how much his infirmity would be in his own way, and how much it would hinder the progress of such an active sport as baseball.

His companions, very good naturedly, tried to persuade him to stand at one side and let another take his place, and I was glad to note that none of them hinted that he would be in the way, but that they all objected for fear he would hurt himself.

'Why, Jimmy,' said one, 'you can't run, you know.'

'Oh, hush!' said another—the tallest in the party; 'never mind. I'll run for him,' and he took his place by Jimmie's side, prepared to act. 'If you were like him,' he said aside to the other boys, 'you wouldn't want to be told of it all the time.'

As I passed on I thought to myself that there was a true gentleman.—'Ram's Horn.'

The Lost Bird.

Pet was a canary bird. He belonged to Marjory, a gentle little girl. He had a pleasant home in a gilded cage, but one day when the door was open he flew away to the bushes. But there he saw strange sights and heard strange sounds, and soon the poor birdie was lost. A cat kept watching him and tried

to catch him. How frightened he was!

He began a pitiful little peep and fluttered about, longing for his home.

Just then he heard Marjorie whistling for him, and he answered loudly. She came near and he fluttered into her hands. Pet was very glad to get back to his home, and Marjorie was delighted that he was safe in her keeping.

Puzzle Corner.

Have you ever been in it? It is close by Lesson Lane and near the foot of Difficulty Hill. Most boys and girls find themselves there sometimes, often by way of some provoking sum or knotty rule of grammar. Some prefer to call it Sticking Point, for it is a hard corner to turn. The many different paths by which boys and girls reach this troublesome spot are not so important as what means they use with which to get past it—that is the all-important question. And here is just the point where boys and girls differ, and some succeed while others fail. One puzzled girl begins to cry, but tears never wash away difficulties. Another boy gets cross, and perhaps dashes down his book or slate in a temper, because he can't understand his next step; but such impatience never helps him round. A third scholar does what is worse still—when confronted with the puzzle he never endeavors to get beyond it, but leaves the hard question and turns to something easier.

This is how to stick at Puzzle Corner. The boys and girls who get round it keep their heads cool and their tempers unruffled, trust in God and do their best, and by dint of patience, perseverance, and hard work they unravel the mystery and get past Puzzle Corner. —'Band of Hope Review.'

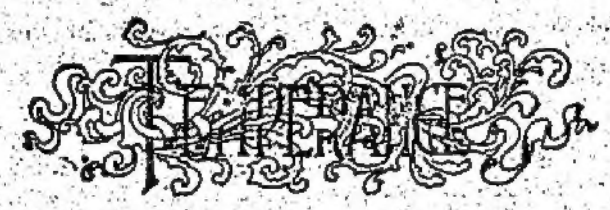
The Coming Man.

A pair of very chubby legs,
  Encased in scarlet hose;
A pair of little chubby boots,
,With rather doubtful toes;
A little kilt, a little coat,
  Cut as a mother can—
And lo! before us stands in state
  The future's coming man.

His eyes, perchance, will read the stars,
  And search their unknown ways;
Perchance the human heart and soul
  Will open to their gaze;
Perchance their keen and flashing glance
  Will be a nation's light—
Those eyes that now are wistful bent
  On some big fellow's kite.

Those hands — those little busy hands—
  So sticky, small, and brown;
Those hands whose only mission seems
  To pull all order down—
Who knows what hidden strength may be
  Reserved within their clasp,
Though now 'tis but a toffy stick
  In sturdy hold they grasp.

Ah, blessings on those little hands,
  Whose work is yet undone!
And blessings on those little feet,
  Whose race is yet unrun!
And blessings on the little brain
  Which has not learned to plan!
Whate'er the future holds in store,
  God bless the coming man!
—'Children's Treasury.'



Temperance Catechism.

LET US GIVE THANKS.

1. Q.—To whom should we give thanks for this wonderful house we live in ?

A.—To our Heavenly Father, who gave us all the good things we enjoy.

2. Q.—How can we give thanks with our hands ?

A.—By making them do good works and acts of kindness.

3. Q.—How can we thank God for our lips ?

A.—By making them sing his praise and speak the truth in love.

4. Q.—How can we give thanks for our eyes ?

A.—By making them look for what is good and right.

5. Q.—How can we thank God for our brains ?

A.—By making them think good thoughts and study to know his will.

6. Q.—How can we give thanks for our feet ?

A.—By making them go on good errands and run away from temptation.

7. Q.—How can we take the best care of the house that contains these gifts ?

A.—Mostly by taking good food and drink, air and exercise.

8. Q.—What good will it do us to take so much pains ?

A.—It will help us to be healthy, happy, and useful.

9. Q.Q—What is the Scripture form of thanks to our Heavenly Father for such blessings ?

A.—To 'present our bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is our reasonable service.'

—Catechism by Julia Colman (National Temperance Society).

Theo's Trouble.

(By Mrs. Helen E. Brown.)

Little Theo Redburn snuggled up to his mother after they had settled themselves in church one Sunday morning, to whisper, 'Mamma, may I stay to-day ?'

'Yes, if you will sit as still as a mouse,' said mamma.

Theo was only six years old, but he understood the meaning of the white linen cloth that was spread over the table before the pulpit. The people were to celebrate the Lord's Supper. He had heard mother explain it, but he had never been present at the feast. So to-day, when the other children went home, Theo slipped up to the upper part of the pew, and folded his hands, and sat very still. Mother was alone to-day, for father was away from home on business.

The little boy was all eyes and ears. He listened to every word the minister said, watched him as he broke the bread and filled the goblets, and then followed with an eager look, as the deacons waited upon the people.

'That's wine, I know it is,' he said to himself; 'It looks like it, and it smells—oh, so funny.'

He sat still until the silver cup was placed in the hands of his mother, and she had taken a sip from it; then he could bear it no longer. He slid down to the end of the pew, and in a whisper that was easily heard in the next seat, he said, 'Mamma, mamma, you drank wine, you broke the pledge. Mamma, why didn't you say No ?'

Mrs. Redburn put her hand gently on the lips of her little boy, and whispered in his ear, 'Hush now, dear.'

Theo was obedient. He sat back in the seat, but one could see from the workings of his face that he was in trouble. He could scarcely wait till they reached the street after the service was over, before he began again.

'Mamma, what do they have wine for ?'

'It's the custom, dear. We always have wine at the Lord's Supper.'

'But wine makes drunk, mamma.'

'Not the little we take there.'

'But my hymn says,

'"If I would not be a drunkard,
I must not drink a drop."

'Oh, mamma, I think it's awful wicked for the minister and all the folks, and you, too, mamma, to drink wine.'

Theo couldn't get over it. No explanation or reason mamma gave, satisfied him. That was wine; it was wrong to taste or touch wine; and yet they drank it in the church, at that beautiful Supper when they remembered Jesus.

He often spoke of it. Sometimes he would spring up from his books, or rush in from his outdoor play to say:

'Oh, mamma, I can't get rid of thinking that you drank wine in the church.'

Mamma would say:

'There, Theo, dear, don't say anything more about it; we have to; that's the way the churches all do. When you are older you'll understand.'

Not long after he learned that his sister Ada, about twelve years old, was to join the church.

'And will you have to drink wine, too ?' he asked her.

'I suppose so, dear. I must do as the others do.'

'You'll break your pledge, you will,' said the sturdy little teetotaller.

'Oh, no, Theo, that won't be counted as breaking the pledge.'

'But it will be, and you can never say when you grow up to be a woman, "I have never tasted wine."'

Ada was quite stirred by her little brother who was so persistent and positive. She went to mother. Mamma explained that it was the custom of the church to use wine to represent the blood of Christ shed upon the cross. It was all she could say, but she began to feel an unrest in her heart.

'Mamma, don't you think it would be better to use cold water ?' asked Ada. 'I have noticed sometimes that the wine-smell is all through the church; it seems like the liquor shops. Mamma, I do feel as Theo does, that it will be wicked to drink it.'

The mother began to think more seriously upon the subject.

'This is a stumbling block to my children,' she said to herself; 'perhaps it is to others.'

She talked of it to her husband, but found she had been preceded by her little boy. He had appealed to his father.

'Papa,' said he, 'why must the folks have wine at the Lord's Supper ?'

'It is the custom, my boy. Jesus, the last night of his life, had supper with his disciples with bread and wine, and then told them he wished all his followers always to keep the simple feast in memory of him. Did you never read about it ?'

'No, papa, please read it to me.'

Mr. Redburn took the bible, and opening it at Matthew, 26th chapter, read:

'"And he took the cup, and gave thanks."'

'It doesn't say what was in the cup,' said the child.

His father went on:

'"I will not drink henceforth of the fruit of the vine." That's wine, isn't it, Theo ?'

The child was silenced but not satisfied.

'Then why shouldn't we drink it at any time, papa ?'

'Because it is not good for us; we should learn to love it and take more than we ought.'

'I shall never, never join the church, papa,' said Theo, seriously.

Father and mother talked the matter over when they were alone.

'There is a difficulty here,' said Mr. Redburn. 'If I could have said to the boy, "This is not alcoholic wine, it is not the kind that makes people drunk," he would have been satisfied. I feel that we owe a duty to such conscientious little mortals as Theo; there may be many others troubled in the same way. I will see what can be done.'

The result was, these parents who had never before considered the matter of unfermented sacramental wine were led to study the question, and came to a firm conviction that the 'fruit of the vine' could be obtained that wouldn't 'smell all over the church,' as Ada said, 'like a liquor-shop,' and would not compel the breaking of the total abstinence pledge. The ministers and elders after prayerful conference with them on the subject decided to adopt the unfermented wine.

When Mr. Redburn told the children of the proposed change on the day Ada was to take her first communion, they were very glad. Theo seemed triumphant.

'Now, I'll join the church, too,' said he; 'I want to remember Jesus, now I can do it without breaking my pledge. I'm sure he wouldn't like me to break that, would he papa ? would he, mamma ?'—National Temperance Advocate.'

Surely There is an End.

One of the most thrilling things in literature is Victor Hugo's description of death in a quicksand. A traveller walking along the beach at low tide feels tired. It is heavy walking. The sand seems to cling to his feet as if he were walking on pitch. The soles of his feet stick to it. The man pursues his way, for there is nothing unusual in the appearance of the sand. He is not anxious. Anxious about what ? Only he feels some how that the weight of his feet increases with every step he takes. Suddenly his feet sink in two or three inches. He must be on the wrong road. He stops to take his bearings. In that minute his feet have disappeared. The sand has covered them. He draws his feet out, and turns about to retrace his steps. At the next step he sinks in deeper. The sand is up to his ankles. With difficulty he draws out and turns to the left. He sinks up to his knees. Then he realizes with unspeakable terror that he is caught in quicksand. He throws off his load, if he has one. He calls, waves his hat or handkerchief. The sand gains on him more and more. If the beach is deserted, if there is no help, it is all over. He is condemned to that appalling burial, long, infallible, implacable, which seizes one erect, free, in full health, which draws one by the feet, dragging one at every moment a little deeper. He shouts, he howls, he implores. Soon he is waist deep in the sand. He raises his arms, clutches at the beach, presses it with his elbows trying to draw himself out, and only sinks deeper. The sand reaches the neck. Only the face is visible now. The mouth cries, the sand fills it—silence. The earth is burying a man. That is death in the quicksand, and the man who starts on the downward path is dealt with as remorselessly.—'Christian Herald.'

THIRD QUARTER.—LESSON I.—July 4.

First Converts in Europe.

Acts xvi., 6-15. Commit vs. 13-15.

GOLDEN TEXT.

'The entrance of thy words giveth light.'

HOME READINGS.

M. Acts xv., 36—xvi., 5.—Paul's second journey begun.

T. Acts xvi., 6-15.—First Converts in Europe.

W. Acts x., 1-22.—Peter called to the Gentiles.

Th. Acts x., 23-48.—Peter obeying the Call.

F. Phil i., 1-30.—Paul to the Saints at Philippi.

S. Phil. iv., 1-23.—'My Brethren dearly Beloved.'

S. I. Cor. i., 18-31.—The Gospel is the Power of God.

Lesson Story.

After some useful services to the church at home Paul proposed to Barnabas that they should set out again and visit the churches they had established in Asia Minor. Barnabas was pleased with the idea and thought his nephew, John Mark, must go too. Paul thought it would not be wise to take Mark, as he had drawn back from the work on their first journey, and the result was that Barnabas decided to take Mark and go over part of the ground, namely, the island of Cyprus, his own native country, while Paul went to Asia Minor, being accompanied by one of the principal teachers of the Antioch church, named Silvanus, or more briefly, Silas. Paul and Silas visited the cities where there were converts and told them specially what the council at Jerusalem had decided with regard to the law of Moses. They kept on going westward, sometimes preaching, and sometimes pressing forward without stopping to preach, for, as events proved, there was a divine purpose taking them to the coast. At Troy, that most ancient city, a vision came to Paul in the night. He saw a man whom he recognized, perhaps by his clothes, perhaps by his features, as a Macedonian. This man begged him to cross the sea and bring help to those in Macedonia. The whole party, which by this time included a young man, half Jew and half Greek, called Timothy, and a devoted doctor called Luke, gathered from this dream that God had called them to preach the gospel even in Macedonia. Reaching Philippi, a large and important city, they looked about for a suitable place to begin preaching. They found that those who held the Jewish faith met by the riverside for some sort of service. So they went to the river and on the first occasion addressed a congregation of women. The first person converted in Europe was a business woman. Lydia, 'a seller of purple,' had lived in Asia Minor and was perhaps on that account at first interested in the strangers. She seems to have been an independent householder, for when the Lord opened her heart, she and her household were baptized, and she urgently invited the apostles to stay at her house.

Lesson Hymn.

The tender light of home behind,
  Dark heathen gloom before,
The servants of the Lord go forth
  To many a foreign shore.
But the true light that cannot pale
  Shines on them from above,
The light divine that shall not fail,
  The smile of him they love.

Lesson Hints.

Paul did not say, 'I have no help to spare for Macedonia, because Asia Minor has not all been converted.' He was sure the Lord had called him on and he went gladly to do God's will, not wearing himself out with anxiety over the things he was not permitted to do. If Paul had spent his time preaching in Bithynia and Mysia, as he probably intended to do, there might have been a few more Asiatic churches formed, but it was in Europe that the great conquests of truth could best spread at that time. God's will with regard to the preaching of the gospel is evidently that it should go forward and onward rather than be centralized. We should follow Paul's example, pressing on into far countries. We cannot tell where the gospel will be most glorified, our work is to give it a chance in every nation. II. Thess. iii., 1.

Search Questions.

How do we know that Luke accompanied Paul when he crossed over from Asia to Europe?

Why do we think that Timothy was also of the party?

Primary Lesson.

Suppose you were fast asleep and saw a man calling you to help him, would you want to go? That was what Paul saw. He saw in a dream or vision a man who begged him to come to his country and help the people by telling them about Jesus and heaven. When Paul woke up he told Silas and Luke and Timothy, and they all said they would go and preach in that country because they were sure God had sent Paul the dream on purpose to encourage them to go. So they went on board a ship and sailed to Macedonia, where they found some people who were glad to hear about Jesus. There was a kind woman named Lydia who listened carefully to the preaching and made up her mind to follow Jesus always. She was a rich woman and had a large house, so she asked Paul and Silas and Luke and Timothy to stay at her house. We cannot all do as much as Lydia, but we must do all the kind things we can, and try to help those who are preaching about Jesus.

SUGGESTED HYMNS.

'There's a Cry from Macedonia,' 'Far away, in Heathen Darkness Dwelling,' 'Holy Spirit, Faithful Guide,' 'Jesus shall Reign where'er the Sun,' 'The whole Wide World for Jesus.'

Practical Points.

A. H. CAMERON.

The sovereignty of the Spirit is taught as clearly as the love of God. Vs. 6-8.

Paul received a call to preach in Macedonia. That was good.—Vs. 9-10.

Paul obeyed the call at once. That was far better. Vs. 11-12.

Many noted events have taken place 'within the gate.' Vs. 13.

Compare Heb. xiii., 12, and Acts vii., 58.

When the Lord opens the heart, his servants will be given a royal reception. Vs. 14-15.

Tiverton, Ont.

Daily Searching of the Word.

(By Rev. W. H. Bucks).

The bible is an inexhaustible mine of truth. Its treasures are open to all who will search for them. But they must be searched for if they are to be found. Diligent and constant search will be rewarded. It is a privilege and a duty to read the bible, but the real benefit comes when we search for its hidden treasures. The Saviour says: 'Search the Scriptures.....for they testify of me.' When Paul came unto Berea and entered into the synagogue of the Jews, he found there more ready hearers than elsewhere. This is the testimony concerning the Bereans: 'These were more noble than those in Thessalonica, in that they received the word with all readiness of mind, and searched the Scriptures daily, whether those things were so.'

Paul searched the scriptures and thus was enabled to give each Scripture prophecy its proper setting, collating the events and facts of Jewish history and applying them to the immediate needs of his hearers and the circumstances surrounding them. Thus a bible-searching-preacher will produce a bible-searching-people. A Sabbath-school teacher can have a similar influence over his class. It is to be feared that in this age of progress when the country is flooded with Sunday-school literature, that some teachers will allow others to do all the thinking and searching for them after bible truths. How many simply use the questions found in the Quarterlies, and they go through the questions as mechanically as you please. As a result there will be a mechanical teacher, a mechanical class of scholars, and mechanical impressions and results. The excellent helps which are furnished for the studying of the lesson are not intended as a substitute for the teachers' personal research. They are helps, afford suggestions, explanations, and should act as spurs to push us on and up into the fertile realm of truth. Some teachers study the Quarterlies or Lesson Leaf but not the bible. The teacher ought to do with the teaching helps as the Bereans did with Paul's sermons: 'receive the word with a ready mind,' but also 'search the Scriptures daily, whether those things are so.'

The searching should be reverent and submissive, being open to conviction to believe every truth which the Word affirms. Everything which the Word urges upon us as a duty is right, and what it *prohibits* is wrong. We must not put the Word on trial, but rather our knowledge and comprehension of it is to be tested. We must not prejudge the word. It will vindicate its own teaching, if fairly tested. The study should be diligent, daily and consecutive. We must rely upon the Holy Spirit for guidance, for the Holy Spirit is the great interpreter of the bible to believing hearts. We must feel our dependence upon this Divine Guide—for he shall guide us into all truth — saving truth.

May the Lord increase our love for his Word and to understand it.—'Living Epistle.'

Real Study.

An exchange says:—'Very little real study is done by the average Sunday-school teacher. He must, of necessity, read over his lesson, and somewhat of the comments upon it. He may, in addition, attend a teachers' meeting, and listen to able expositions, or engage in animated discussions. He may commit to memory some parts of the lesson, and secure some pertinent anecdotes and illustrations; and yet, with all this done, he may have done no real study. Study is a setting of the mind upon a subject, with the view of comprehending it fully, and learning concerning it some things not before known, and not easily acquired. Mere perception will place many parts of a lesson within grasp. A glance only is bestowed, and these parts are secured. But reflection upon what is perceived, careful thinking upon what is known, a looking under and into that which readily appears, is included in the true idea of study.

The fifth Gospel—have you read it? In the New Testament there are four records of the life of Christ. While they agree as to the great fundamental facts of our Lord's life, they differ in details. Each writer has left the impress of his own individuality upon the record, according as the truth passed through the prism of each mind. But the fifth Gospel—where is that, and what is that? It is the Gospel 'according to you.' It is a book read by people who have never read the Gospel according to Matthew, Mark, Luke or John, and who probably never will. What impression do the men and women with whom you mingle all the week long gain of the value of the religion of Jesus Christ from the way you are living it? Every man and woman of us is writing some sort of record *daily*; and we are transcribing it in a dialect which all men understand and read: 'Known and read of all men.' We need to be very clear as to one thing, viz: We cannot determine whether we will be witnesses or not. The mere fact that we go up to the house of God and have to do with religious matters and religious people is sufficient to make the world judge religion by our example. We bear witness unconsciously as well as consciously. Men are born imitators. Mere association produces a powerful influence upon the formation of character. Jesus Christ is daily at the bar of public opinion; and whether men accept or reject him depends very largely upon the evidence we give as to his divinity, and upon the influence we exert over those who are not his followers.—Rev. Chas. H. Jones.

HOUSEHOLD.

Air in Sleeping-Rooms.

Mrs. H. B. Boulden.

The free admission of air to the sleeping room is a matter which generally receives too little consideration. Too often the windows are thrown open for a few moments, with little regard to the preparation of all things in the room to receive the air bath. Many otherwise intelligent people regard it as quite unimportant that the air should be allowed to enter in purifying quantities, either during the night or in the early morning.

Those who put their reason to work upon this question, refuse to be bound by past habits of carelessness and indifference.

Immediately upon leaving the sleeping-room in the morning, the windows should be all raised, full height, and the doors thrown open, to enable the fresh outside air to reach every corner of the apartment in free circulation. There is marvellous power in the air to sweeten and purify. Very thoughtful people, who like things absolutely fresh and pure, are careful to turn back the bed-clothing in such a way that the air can touch every part which has been in contact with the sleeper. Or, better still, the bed-clothing is taken from the bed and spread upon chairs near the open window.

If the windows are to the front and the pillows cannot be placed upon the sills for an airing, they can, with the bolster, be placed just inside where the draught will pass over them.

Like the consciousness of cleanliness after a bath, there is something so satisfying and luxurious in knowing that every particle of bed-clothing has been restored and freshened by the outside air. If the gown worn during the night is turned wrong-side out and hung with the inner side of the sleeves and garment upon a chair, near the open window, something more will be accomplished towards making all things perfectly pure and clean.

The result of such care will be felt in subtle ways—in quieter nerves, greater amiability, brighter eyes and complexion. With so many people it has become so much a habit of life to attend to these things, immediately upon rising, that it is done almost mechanically.

Lessons For Mothers.

My heart aches for some of the girls of my acquaintance whose mothers are bringing them up in idleness. A woman of middle age who was married at the age of seventeen remarked once that she never had a moment's comfort the first year of her married life lest her husband should bring some friend home to dine with them. This same woman had never prepared a single article of food or washed a dish when she entered the matrimonial state, and yet she is bringing up her daughter in the same way.

We all know that it is much easier to learn things when we are children than when we have reached the age of maturity. This is especially true of housekeeping. System in housekeeping means everything, and the child who is taught by a wise mother to do the little tasks over and over every day will in time become thorough and methodical. Children of ten years can be taught to make rolls, muffins, puddings and cake, and even bread. The younger they begin, the more likely they are to enjoy it. Cooking to the majority of little folks is a novel game or pastime. I have known many a girl who has not been permitted to 'muss in the kitchen,' because she made too much trouble, stay home on some pretext or other when the family were going away and spend the entire day baking and experimenting. On the other hand, there is such a thing as expecting too much of young girls, especially where there is a large family and no help is employed.

Is there any reason why a boy should expect to be independent and a girl waited on. And yet we see parents in the middle and lower walks of life who do not hesitate to say that their darling daughters shall be shielded from life's cold blasts so long as they live. These selfsame parents must work early and late in order that their daughters shall be handsomely dressed and be given every accomplishment. I tremble sometimes when I think of the future for them. Does not too great selfishness on the part of parents make tyrants of their children. Is the mother who gives up her life for her children, who slaves early and late in order that they may take life easy, respected and honored as much as the one who is wise enough to teach them self-reliance and to expect their help from babyhood up?

A highly educated, matter-of-fact man and his wife have but one child, who is a spoiled creature of fashion. She was a selfish, thoughtless, exacting girl who has become a selfish, frivolous woman. Her mother prided herself that her daughter's hands should never be soiled with dish water, nor should she even make her own bed. To be sure, her hands are as white as the lilies, her face and form are divinely fair, but that beauty which shines from within is left out. Her father is a disappointed man, but the mother is still blind to the girl's faults.

As you value the future happiness of yourself and daughters, teach them to be happy, useful women. Let them have a thorough knowledge of housekeeping in all its details. No matter in what station of life they are situated. No matter whether you expect them to keep house or not. The time will come when they will be grateful to you for such knowledge. Experimenting on a husband is a very different thing from learning the true science of housekeeping with a kind, judicious mother.—Carrie May Ashton in 'N. Y. Observer.'

The Kitchen Dress.

'You must excuse my cooking dress,' said a breezy young housekeeper as she tripped into the parlor to receive a morning call, arrayed in neat calico. 'I never can work in the kitchen in a stuff dress,' she added, 'the flour gets into the warp and the dust into the woof of it and I feel as clean again in a good sensible wash dress.'

It would bring about a capital reform if many older housekeepers could be brought to realize something of the wisdom and propriety of these plain utterances.

A lady once remarked that she preferred being dressed in a dark woollen material because it usually looked as if it was clean even after long wear. 'But do you realize,' asked a relative, 'that a great deal of soil is there even if hidden in the closely woven material?' And it frequently is the habit of ladies who go into the kitchen to do the 'fancy cooking' to take a last year's dress of quite nice material, considering that its air of gentility will render the wearer respectable in case any one should call before there is opportunity for making a change. 'I always keep a good-looking dress to cook in,' a lady said to me 'by keeping along one of my nice dresses and brushing it up from time to time.'

There are a few deft, remarkable souls who managed to cook in a dress of woolen mixture, and keep it in a respectable state. But such managers are exceedingly few and far between. I recall one household 'Auntie' who would go into the rather circumscribed pantry, mix up a cake or stir up a pudding and emerge without a smooch of flour or a spot of any kind on her thick dress or white apron, neither would the pantry shelves give away a hint of an ingredient used. To the contrary I have seen—and many other eyes than mine have looked upon the same laughable vision—what might be considered an unwritten but easily deciphered recipe of all the constituent parts of a recently concocted cake, in plain sight, on the waist, sleeves and front of a 'cooking dress.' And it is not difficult at all to recall more than one earnest plea made to a person who considered such a dress the proper thing for kitchen wear, to discontinue its use, because of the dull tints of eggs, flour and essences that no cleansing creams have the power to entirely efface. I also recall the astonishment with which a tub of water was viewed when the widths of a stuff gown were submerged in the water that a moment before had been pure and clear. The dress was not supposed to be very much soiled, although it had done service in the kitchen all winter when the lady made her cake and fancy desserts. Something like the fifth 'sousing' of the goods left the water in a tolerably clear condition.

Oh, by all means enter the kitchen in a dress which, like the hands, can be washed often, and keep clear of stains, spots and all uncleanliness.

'I thought I would bring along an apology for my appearance, also for keeping you waiting a few moments;' so said a friend who came blithely to the library to receive two church acquaintances whose business necessitated a morning call. In her hands the lady-cook held a dish of tempting doughnuts, two plates and napkins. And on their way home, the callers decided that the tender perfectly cooked doughnuts were no more acceptable to the taste than was the lady's appearance to their eyes; for although her face was flushed from proximity to the stove, her well fitting, neat print dress, and shining dishes, all seemed to offset each other in most appetizing fashion.

'Should you want to eat anything she cooked?' has been asked more than once when some culinary duties have been spoken of by a lady holding herself in high self-esteem. And the most piteous part of it is, that no suspicion is entertained generally by the wearer, of the disgusting idea connected with the fine dress of a year or two ago. The prettily made calico or cambric dress is within the reach of any lady able to make nice things in the kitchen. Slight alteration fits the tastefully ready-made wrapper—which usually is snug enough for trimness—to nearly any figure. Far more wholesome, neat, and suitable is the plainest wash dress imaginable, in the kitchen, than the soiled or faded 'afternoon dress' costing ten times as much.

'Neat and trimly drest,
. . . . . .
For the apparel oft proclaims the man.'
—'Christian Work.'

The Care of Children's Teeth.

The care of the teeth cannot be begun too early. If a child loses those of the first set prematurely the jaw contracts, there being nothing to prevent it from so doing; the second teeth have not space to stand properly and are crowded. Particles of food lodging between the teeth cause them to decay early. It is a wise precaution to teach a child to pass a thread of silk or dental floss between the teeth after eating, as well as to brush them regularly. Salt and water is a good antiseptic, and answers for a dentifrice as well as many more elaborate and more expensive preparations.—'Ladies' Home Journal.'

Purée of Spinach.—Wash two quarts of spinach in five or six waters. Cook without water till tender, stirring to prevent burning. Chop fine and rub through purée sieve. Add one pint of any stock. Thicken with one tablespoonful of butter and two of flour cooked together. Add one cupful of milk, beat well, then add spinach. Cook five minutes. Season with salt and pepper. Add one cupful cream, heat to boiling point, and serve with crisp crackers.

NORTHERN MESSENGER.

(To the Editor of the 'Northern Messenger')

Sir,—The 'Messenger' is the very best Sabbath-school paper that I have had the pleasure of seeing, and richly merits the success which it is enjoying. Yours cordially,

R. S. FRASER,

Ventry, Ont.

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